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The Plays of Shakespeare.

THE TEMPEST

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A Critical Study

By GEORGE BRANDES

*One Volume, demy 8vo, cloth, 709 pp.,
price 10s. net.*

ALSO A LIBRARY EDITION

*Two Vols., demy, cloth, 402 and 432 pp.,
price 24s. net.*

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN.



THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE

THE
TEMPEST

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
GEORGE BRANDES

and a Plate representing Miss PRISCILLA HORTON
(Mrs. German Reed) as 'Ariel.'



LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1904

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

WE possess no knowledge of any one particular source from which *The Tempest* might have been drawn, but it seems probable that Shakespeare constructed his drama upon some already existing foundation. A childish old-fashioned play by Jacob Ayrrer, *Comedia von der schönen Sidea*, seems to have been founded upon a variant of the story used by Shakespeare.¹ Ayrrer died in 1605, and his work, therefore, cannot have owed anything to that of the great dramatist, which was the last of Shakespeare's plays, written for the Princess Elizabeth's wedding in 1613. The similarity between the two plays is confined to the relations between Prospero and Alonso, and Ferdinand and Miranda. In the German play we have a banished sovereign, his daughter, and a captive prince, who is compelled to atone for his audacity in making love to the daughter by carrying and cutting firewood. He promises his beloved she shall be queen, and attempting to draw his sword upon his father-in-law, is rendered powerless by magic. There is no real resemblance between the dramas. It is, of course, possible that Dowland, or some other English actor, might have introduced the *Sidea* from Germany, but Shakespeare did not know German, and in any case the play was too

¹ Jacob Ayrrer: *Opera Theatricum*. Nurnburg, 1618. L. Tieck: *Deutsches Theater*, i. p. 323. Albert Cohn: *Shakespeare in Germany*, ii. pp. 1-75.

poor a one to interest him. Moreover, since we know that Ayrrer did occasionally copy English works, we may safely conclude that both dramatists were indebted to some earlier English source. There is nothing specially original about the above incidents. In Greene's *Friar Bacon*, four men make fruitless efforts to draw swords held in their scabbards by magic, and *The Tempest* would naturally possess traits in common with other plays representing sorcery upon the stage. In Marlowe's drama, *Dr. Faustus*, for instance, the hero punishes his would-be murderers by making them wallow in filth (*Faustus*, Act iv. Sc. 2), just as Prospero drives Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano into the marsh and leaves them there up to their chins in mire (*Tempest*, Act iv.).

It was an early and correct observation that various minor details of *The Tempest* were taken from different books of travel. Shakespeare found the name of Setebos, and, possibly, the first idea of Caliban himself, in an account of Magellan's voyage to the south pole in Eden's *Historye of Travaile in East and West Indies* (1577). From Raleigh's *Discovery of the large, rich, and bewtiful Empire of Guiana* (1596) he took the fable of the men whose heads stood upon their breasts. Raleigh writes that, though this may be an invention, he is inclined to believe it true, because every child in the provinces of Arramai and Canuri maintains that their mouths were in the middle of their breasts. (See Gonzalo's speech in *The Tempest*, Act iii. Sc. 2.)

It is far more remarkable that the famous and beautiful passage (Act iv.) proclaiming the transitoriness of all earthly things—a passage which seems to be a mournful epitome of the philosophy of Shakespeare's last years of productiveness—may be an easy adaptation of an inferior and quite unknown poet of his day.

When the spirit play conjured up by Prospero has vanished, he says :—

‘These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.’

In Count Stirling’s tragedy of *Darius*, published in London, 1604, the following verses occur :

‘Let Greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt,
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon bruis’d, soon broken ;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,
Those stately courts, those sky-encount’ring walls,
Evanish all like vapours in the air.’

History could scarcely afford a more striking proof that in art the style is all, subject and meaning being of comparatively small importance. Stirling’s verses are by no means bad, nor even poor, and their decidedly pleasing rhymes express, in very similar words, exactly the same idea we find in Shakespeare’s lines, and were, moreover, their precursors. Nevertheless, both they and the name of their author would be utterly forgotten long since if Shakespeare had not, by a marvellous touch or two, transformed them into a few lines of blank verse which will hold their own in the memory of man as long as the English language lasts.

Shakespeare may have found the first suggestions of Caliban and Ariel in Greene's *Friar Bacon*. In the ninth scene of this play, two necromancers, Bungay and Vandermast, dispute as to which possess the greater power, the pyromantic (fire) spirits or the geomantic (earth) spirits. The fire spirits, says Bungay, are mere transparent shadows that float past us like heralds, while the spirits of earth are strong enough to burst rocks asunder. Vandermast maintains that earth spirits are dull, as befits their place of abode. They are coarse and earthly, less intelligent than other spirits, and thus it is they are at the service of jugglers, witches, and common sorcerers. But the fire spirits are mighty and swift, their power is far-reaching.

A more striking example of Shakespeare's taste and talent for adaptation is presented by Prospero's farewell speech to the elves (Act v. Sc. 1), 'Ye elves of hills, brooks,' etc. Warburton was the first to draw attention to the fact that this speech, in which Shakespeare bids farewell to his art, and tells, through the medium of Prospero's marvellous eloquence, of all that he has accomplished, was founded upon the great incantation in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (vii. 197-219), where, after the conquest of the golden fleece, Medea, at Jason's request, invokes the spirits of night to obtain the prolongation of his old father's life. A comparison of the text plainly proves Shakespeare's indebtedness to Golding's translation of the Latin work :—

'Ye Ayres and Windes : *ye Elues of Hilles, of Brooks, of Woods alone,*
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye everyone
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at
the thing)
I have compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.

By charmes I make the calme seas rough, and make the rough
 seas playne,
*And cover all the Skie with clouds and chase them thence
 againe.*
 By charmes I raise and lay the windes and burst the Viper's
 iaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and Forrests I remoouue: I make the Mountains
shake,
 And euen the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graues, and thee, O lightsome
 Moone,
 I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy perill soone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun
at Noone.

Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre did set
 And brought asleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were neuer
 shet.'

The corresponding lines in *The Tempest* run :—

'Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
 When he comes back; you . . .
 by whose aid,
 Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art.'

We now seem to have exhausted the available literary
 sources of *The Tempest*, and we need only add that
 Dryden and Davenant, in their abominable adaptatio

of the play (published in London 1670), made free use of Calderon's 'En esta vida todo es verdad y todo es mentira,' and thus provided the Miranda, who has never seen a young man, with a counterpart in Hippolyto, who has never seen the face of woman.

II.

Although, taken from the point of view of a play, *The Tempest* is lacking in dramatic interest, the entire work is so marvellously rich in poetry and so inspired by imagination, that it forms a whole little world in itself, and holds the reader captive by that power which sheer perfection possesses to enthrall.

If the ordinary being desires to obtain a salutary impression of his own insignificance and an ennobling one of the sublimity of true genius, he need only study this last of Shakespeare's masterpieces. In the majority of cases the result will be prostrate admiration.

It may be said that, in a manner, *The Tempest* was a continuation of his gloomy period; once again he treated of black ingratitude and cunning and violence practised upon a good man.

Prospero, Duke of Milan, absorbed in scientific study, and finding his real dukedom in his library, imprudently entrusted the direction of his little state to his brother Antonio. The latter, betraying his trust, won over to his side all the officers of state appointed by Prospero, entered into an alliance with the Duke's enemy, Alonso, King of Naples, and reduced the hitherto free state of Milan to a condition of vassalage. Then, with the assistance of Alonso and his brother Sebastian, Antonio attacked and dethroned Prospero. The Duke, with his little three-year-old daughter, was carried out some leagues to sea, placed in a rotten old hull, and abandoned. A Neapolitan noble, Gonzalo, compas-

sionately supplied them with provisions, clothes, and, above all, the precious books upon which Prospero's supernatural powers depended. The boat was driven ashore upon an island whose one inhabitant, the aboriginal Caliban, was reduced to subjection by means of the control exercised over the spirit world by the banished man. Here, then, Prospero dwelt in peace and solitude, devoting himself to the culture of his mind, the enjoyment of nature, and the careful education of his daughter Miranda, who received such a training as seldom falls to the lot of a princess.

Twelve years have passed, and Miranda is just fifteen when the play begins. Prospero is aware that his star has reached its zenith and that his old enemies are in his power. The King of Naples has married his daughter, Claribel, to the King of Tunis, and the wedding has been celebrated, oddly enough, at the home of the bridegroom; but then it was probably the first time in history that a Christian King of Naples had bestowed his daughter upon a Mohammedan. Alonso, with all his train, including his brother and the usurper of Milan, is on his homeward voyage when Prospero raises the storm which drives them on his island. After being sufficiently bewildered and humiliated, they are finally forgiven, and the King's son, purified by the trials through which he has passed, is, as Prospero has all along intended that he should be, united to Miranda.

It was evidently Shakespeare's intention in *The Tempest* to give a picture of mankind as he now saw it, and we are shown something quite new in him, a typical representation of the different phases of humanity.

Prospero is the master-mind, the man of the future, as shown by his control over the forces of Nature. He passes as a magician, and Shakespeare found his proto-

type, as far as external accessories were concerned, in a scholar of mark and man of high principles, Dr. Dee, who died in 1607. This Dr. Dee believed himself possessed of powers to conjure up spirits, good and bad, and on this account enjoyed a great reputation in his day. A man owning but a small share of the scientific knowledge of our times would inevitably have been regarded as a powerful magician at that date. In the creation of Prospero, therefore, Shakespeare unconsciously anticipated the results of time. He not merely gave him a magic wand, but created a poetical embodiment of the forces of Nature as his attendant spirit.

Ariel is a harbinger of joy; from the moment he appears we are content and assured of pleasurable impressions. In the whole record of poetry he is the one good spirit who arrests and affects us as a living being. He is a non-christian angel, a sprite, an elf, the messenger of Prospero's thought, the fulfiller of his will through the elementary spirits subject to the great magician's power. He is the emblem of Shakespeare's own genius, that 'affable, familiar ghost' (as Shakespeare expresses it in his 86th sonnet) which Chapman boasted of possessing. His longing for freedom after prolonged servitude has a peculiar and touching significance as a symbol of the yearning of the poet's own genius for rest.

Ariel possesses that power of omnipresence and all those constantly varying forms which are the special gift of imagination. He skims along the foam, flies on the keen north wind, and burrows in the frozen earth. Now he is a fire spirit spreading terror as he flashes in cloven flame, encircling the mast and playing about the rigging of the vessel, or as one great bolt hurls himself to strike with all the power and speed of lightning. Now again, he is a mermaid, seen in fitful

glimpses, and chanting alluring songs. He sounds the magic music of the air, he mimics the monotonous splashing of the waves, or barks like a dog and crows like a cock. In every essence of his nature as well as name he is a spirit of the air, a mirage, a hallucination of light and sound. He is a bird, a harpy, and finds his way through the darkness of night to fetch dew from the enchanted Bermudas. Faithful and zealous servant of the good, he terrifies, bewilders, and befools the wicked. He is compounded of charm and delicacy, and is as swift and bright as lightning.

Caliban, on the other hand, is of the earth earthy, a kind of land-fish, a being formed of heavy and gross materials, who was raised by Prospero from the condition of an animal to that of a human being, without, however, being really civilised. But since, from being their fellow, he has been degraded to their slave, all gratitude for former benefits has disappeared from his mind; and he now employs the language they have taught him in cursing the master who has robbed him, the original inhabitant, of his birthright. His is the hatred of the savage for his civilised conquerors. He represents the primitive, the prehistoric man; yet, such as he is, a poetically inclined philosopher of our day has discovered in him the features of the eternal plebeian. It is instructive to witness with how few reservations Renan was enabled to modernise the type, and shown how, tidied up and washed and interpreted as the dull fickle democracy, Caliban was as capable as the old aristocratic-religious despotism of sounding a conservative note, of protecting the arts and graciously patronising the sciences, etc.

Shakespeare's Caliban was the offspring of Sycorax and begotten by the Devil himself. With such a pedigree he could hardly be expected to rise to any

height of angelic goodness and purity. He is, in reality, more of an elemental power than a human being; and therefore rouses neither indignation nor contempt in the mind of the audience, but genuine amusement. Invented, and drawn with masterly humour, he represents the savage natives found by the English in America, upon whom they bestowed the blessings of civilisation in the form of strong drink. There is not only wit but profound significance in the scene (Act ii. Sc. 2) in which Caliban, who at first takes Trinculo and Stephano for two spirits sent by Prospero to torment him, allows himself to be persuaded that Trinculo is the Man in the Moon, shown to him by Miranda on beautiful moonlight nights, and forthwith worships him as his god, because he alone possesses the bottle with the heavenly liquor which has been put to the creature's lips, and given him his first taste of the wonderful intoxication produced by fire-water.

Midway between these symbols of the highest culture and of Nature in its crudest form Shakespeare has placed a young girl, as noble in body and soul as her father, and yet so purely and simply a child of Nature that she unhesitatingly follows her instincts, including that of love. She is the counterpart of the masculine ideal in Prospero, being all that is admirable in woman; hence her name, Miranda. To preserve her absolutely unspotted and fresh, Shakespeare has made her almost as young as his Juliet; and to still further accentuate the impression of maidenly immaculateness, she has grown up without seeing a single youth of the other sex, a trait which was used and abused by the Spaniards later in the same century. Hence the wondering admiration of the first meeting between Ferdinand and Miranda:—

‘What is ’t? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But ’tis a spirit.’

When her father denies this she says:—

‘I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.’

And Ferdinand:—

‘My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?’

It is Prospero, whose greatness shows no less in his power over human beings than over the forces of Nature, who has brought these two together, and who, although assuming displeasure at their mutual attraction, causes all which concerns them to follow the exact course his will has marked out.

He sees into the soul of mankind with as sure an eye as Shakespeare himself, and plays the part of Providence to his surroundings as incontestably as did the poet to the beings of his own creation.

III.

There are certain analogies between *The Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In both we are shown a fantastic world in which heavenly powers make sport of earthly fools. Caliban discovering a god in the drunken Trinculo reminds us of Titania's amorous worship of Bottom. Both are wedding-plays, and yet what a difference! The *Midsummer Night's Dream* was one of Shakespeare's earliest independent poetical works, written at the age of twenty-six, and his first great success. *The Tempest* was written as a farewell to art and the artist's life, just before the completion

of his forty-ninth year, and everything in the play bespeaks the touch of autumn.

The scenery is autumnal throughout, and the time is that of the autumn equinox with its storms and shipwrecks. With noticeable care all the plants named, even those occurring merely in similes, are such flowers and fruit, etc., as appear in the fall of the year in a northern landscape. The climate is harsh and northerly in spite of the southern situation of the island and the southern names. Even the utterances of the goddesses, the blessing of Ceres, for example, show that the season is late September—thus answering to Shakespeare's time of life and frame of mind.

No means of intensifying this impression are neglected. The utter sadness of Prospero's famous words describing the trackless disappearance of all earthly things harmonises with the time of year and with his underlying thought—'We are such stuff as dreams are made on': a deep sleep, from which we awaken to life, and again, deep sleep hereafter. What a personal note it is in the last scene of the play where Prospero says:—

'And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.'

How we feel that Stratford was the poet's Milan, just as Ariel's longing for freedom was the yearning of the poet's genius for rest. He has had enough of the burden of work, enough of the toilsome necromancy of imagination, enough of art, enough of the life of the town. A deep sense of the vanity of all things has laid its hold upon him, he believes in no future and expects no results from the work of a lifetime.

'Our revels now are ended. These our actors
 were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air.'

Like Prospero, he had sacrificed his position to his art, and, like him, he had dwelt upon an enchanted island in the ocean of life. He had been its lord and master, with dominion over spirits, with the spirit of the air as his servant, and the spirit of the earth as his slave. At his will graves had opened, and by his magic art the heroes of the past had lived again. The words with which Prospero opens the fifth act come, despite all gloomy thoughts of death and wearied hopes of rest, straight from Shakespeare's own lips :—

‘Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.’

All will soon be accomplished and Ariel's hour of deliverance is nigh. The parting of the master from his genius is not without a touch of melancholy :—

‘My dainty Ariel ! *I shall miss thee,*
But yet thou shalt have freedom.’

Prospero has determined in his heart to renounce all his magical powers :—

‘To the elements
Be free, and fare thou well !’

He has taken leave of all his elves by name, and now utters words whose personal application has never been approached by any character hitherto set upon the stage by Shakespeare :—

‘But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
. I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.’

Solemn music is heard, and Shakespeare has bidden farewell to his art.

THE TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*

PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, }
 } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship.

Boatsmain.

Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }
 } *presented by Spirits.*

Other Spirits attending on PROSPERO.

Scene—A ship at Sea : an island.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

On a ship at sea : a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a SHIP-MASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

MAST. Boatswain !

BOATS. Here, master : what cheer ?

MAST. Good, speak to the mariners : fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground : bestir, bestir.
[*Exit.*]

Enter MARINERS.

BOATS. Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare ! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

ALON. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men.

BOATS. I pray now, keep below.

ANT. Where is the master, boatswain ?

BOATS. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GON. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GON. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATS. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.*

GON. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.*

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

BOATS. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEB. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATS. Work you then.

ANT. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

BOATS. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter MARINERS wet.

MAR. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

SEB. I'm out of patience.

ANT. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

GON. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.

[*A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'*—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

ANT. Let's all sink with the king.

SEB. Let's take leave of him. [*Exeunt ANT. and SEB.*]

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The island : before PROSPERO's cell.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

MIR. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROS. Be collected :
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIR. O, woe the day!

PROS. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

MIR. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROS. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So :
[Lays down his mantle.
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down ;

For thou must now know farther.
MIR. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

PROS. The hour's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not

Out three years old.

MIR. Certainly, sir, I can.

PROS. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIR. 'Tis far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROS. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But
how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

MIR. But that I do not.

PROS. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

MIR. Sir, are not you my father?

PROS. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

MIR. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

PROS. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,

But blessedly help hither.

MIR. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

PROS. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

MIR. Sir, most heedfully.

PROS. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st
not.

MIR. O, good sir, I do.

PROS. I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature ; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke ; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative : hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear ?

MIR. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROS. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough : of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable ; confederates—
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan !—
To most ignoble stooping.

MIR.

O the heavens !

PROS. Mark his condition and the event; then tell
me

If this might be a brother.

MIR. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother :

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROS. Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother : whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIR. Alack, for pity !

I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

PROS. Hear a little further

And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon 's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

MIR. Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us ?

PROS. Well demanded, wench :

From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIR. Would I might
But ever see that man !

PROS. Now I arise : [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived ; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MRS. HEAVENS thank you for't! And now, I
 pray you, sir,
 For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
 For raising this sea-storm?

PROS. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep ; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way : I know thou canst not choose.

[MIRANDA *sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PROS. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARI. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement : sometime I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not : the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROS. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

ARI.Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, ‘Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.’

PROS. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore ?

ARI. Close by, my master.

PROS. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

ARI. Not a hair perish'd ;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before : and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself ;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

PROS. Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.

ARI. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid :
The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.

PROS. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd : but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day ?

ARI. Past the mid season.

PROS. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six
and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

ARI. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give
me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROS. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

ARI. My liberty.

PROS. Before the time be out? no more!

ARI. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst
To bate me a full year. [promise

PROS. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI. No.

PROS. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread
Of the salt deep, [the ooze
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARI. I do not, sir,

PROS. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARI. No, sir.

PROS. Thou hast. Where was she born?
 speak ; tell me.

ARI. Sir, in Argier.

PROS. O, was she so ? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd : for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true ?

ARI. Ay, sir.

PROS. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought
 with child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant ;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years ; within which space she died
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy
 groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

ARI. Yes, Caliban her son.

PROS. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears : it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo : it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

ARI. I thank thee, master.

PROS. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARI. Pardon, master ;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

PROS. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

ARI. That's my noble master !
What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ?

PROS. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea :
be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in 't : go, hence with diligence !

[Exit ARIEL.

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake !

MIR. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROS. Shake it off. Come on ;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIR. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

PROS. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho ! slave ! Caliban !
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

CAL. [*Within*] There's wood enough within.

PROS. Come forth, I say ! there's other business
for thee :
Come, thou tortoise ! when ?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

ARI. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

PROS. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth ! [*himself*

Enter CALIBAN.

CAL. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er !

PROS. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd

As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CAL.

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst
give me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
fertile:

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

PROS.

Thou most lying slave,

Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have
used thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CAL. O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

PROS.

Abhorred slave,

Which any print of goodness wilt not take,

Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour

One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile
race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CAL. You taught me language ; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language !

PROS. Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CAL. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey : his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

PROS. So, slave ; hence !

[*Exit* CALIBAN.]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ;
FERDINAND following.*

ARIEL's song.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.*

BURTHEN [*dispersedly*]. *Hark, hark !*

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark :

Bow-wow.

ARI. *Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.*

FER. Where should this music be? i' the air
or the earth?

It sounds no more : and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade*

*But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :*

BURTHEN. Ding-dong.

ARI. *Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.*

FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROS. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

MIR. What is 't ? a spirit ?
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROS. No, wench ; it eats and sleeps and hath
such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst
call him

A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIR. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROS. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free
thee

Within two days for this.

FER. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend ! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island ;

And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here : my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
If you be maid or no ?

MIR. No wonder, sir ;
But certainly a maid.

FER. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROS. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FER. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;
And that he does I weep : myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

MIR. Alack, for mercy !

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of
And his brave son being twain. | Milan

PROS. [Aside] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [To FER.] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

MR. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FER. O, if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

PROS. Soft, sir ! one word more.

[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers ; but this
swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To FER.*] One word more ;
I charge thee

That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not ; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

FER. No, as I am a man.

MIR. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
If the ill spirit have so fair a house, [temple:
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROS. Follow me.

Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor. Come ;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER. No:

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[Draws, and is charmed from moving.

MIR. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.

PROS. What? I say,

My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIR. Beseech you, father.

PROS. Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIR. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

PROS. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban
And they to him are angels.

MIR. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

PROS. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.

FER. So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROS. [Aside] It works. [To FER.] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To FER.] Follow
me.

[To ARI.] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIR. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

PROS. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARI. To the syllable.

PROS. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

GON. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle

I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALON. Prithee, peace.

SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANT. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEB. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

GON. Sir,—

SEB. One : tell.

GON. When every grief is entertain'd that's suffer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

SEB. A dollar.

GON. Dolour comes to him, indeed : you have
spoken truer than you purposed.

SEB. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

GON. Therefore, my lord,—

ANT. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

ALON. I prithee, spare.

GON. Well, I have done : but yet,—

SEB. He will be talking.

ANT. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager,
first begins to crow ?

SEB. The old cock.

ANT. The cockerel.

SEB. Done. The wager ?

ANT. A laughter.

SEB. A match !

ADR. Though this island seem to be desert,—

SEB. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

ADR. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

SEB. Yet,—

ADR. Yet,—

ANT. He could not miss't.

ADR. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

ANT. Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEB. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

ADR. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEB. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

ANT. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GON. Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANT. True; save means to live.

SEB. Of that there's none, or little.

GON. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

ANT. The ground indeed is tawny.

SEB. With an eye of green in't.

ANT. He misses not much.

SEB. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GON. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

SEB. As many vouched rarities are.

GON. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

ANT. If but one of his pockets could speak,
would it not say he lies?

SEB. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GON. Methinks our garments are now as fresh
as when we put them on first in Afric, at the
marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to
the King of Tunis.

SEB. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well
in our return.

ADR. Tunis was never graced before with such a
paragon to their queen.

GON. Not since widow Dido's time.

ANT. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that
widow in? widow Dido!

SEB. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too?
Good Lord, how you take it!

ADR. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study
of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GON. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADR. Carthage?

GON. I assure you, Carthage.

SEB. His word is more than the miraculous harp;
he hath raised the wall and houses too.

ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy
next?

SEB. I think he will carry this island home in his
pocket and give it his son for an apple.

ANT. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands.

GON. Ay.

ANT. Why, in good time.

GON. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANT. And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEB. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANT. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

GON. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANT. That sort was well fished for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALON. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRAN.

Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALON. No, no, he's gone.

SEB. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African ;
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALON. Prithee, peace.

SEB. You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost
your son,

I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them :
The fault's your own.

ALON. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

GON. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

SEB. Very well.

ANT. And most chirurgeonly.

GON. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

SEB. Foul weather ?

ANT. Very foul.

GON. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

ANT. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

SEB. Or docks, or mallows.

GON. And were the king on 't, what would I do?

SEB. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

GON. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
And women too, but innocent and pure ;
No sovereignty ;—

SEB. Yet he would be king on 't.

ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

GON. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEB. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

ANT. None, man ; all idle : whores and knaves.

GON. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

SEB. God save his majesty !

ANT. Long live Gonzalo !

GON. And,—do you mark me, sir ?

ALON. Prithee, no more : thou dost talk nothing
to me.

GON. I do well believe your highness ; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANT. 'Twas you we laughed at.

GON. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you : so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

ANT. What a blow was there given !

SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.

GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

SEB. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GON. No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

ANT. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except ALON., SEB., and ANT.]

ALON. What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts : I find They are inclined to do so.

SEB.

Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it :

It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

ANT.

We two, my lord,

Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

ALON. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.]

SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.

SEB. Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

ANT. Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent ;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian ? O, what might ?—No more :—
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be : the occasion speaks thee,
and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEB. What, art thou waking ?

ANT. Do you not hear me speak ?

SEB. I do ; and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

ANT. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather ; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

SEB. Thou dost snore distinctly ;
There's meaning in thy snores.

ANT. I am more serious than my custom : you
Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

SEB. Well, I am standing water.

ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.

SEB. Do so : to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANT. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it ! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

SEB. Prithee, say on :
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANT. Thus, sir :
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

SEB. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

ANT. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you ! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEB. He's gone.

ANT. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEB. Claribel.

ANT. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that—from whom?
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

SEB. What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANT. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no
worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this

For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

SEB. Methinks I do.

ANT. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune ?

SEB. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANT. True :
And look how well my garments sit upon me ;
Much feater than before : my brother's servants
Were then my fellows ; now they are my men.

SEB. But, for your conscience ?

ANT. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper : but I feel not
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

SEB. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest ;

And I the king shall love thee.

ANT.

Draw together ;

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEB.

O, but one word.

[*They talk apart.*

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

ARI. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-eyed conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware :

Awake, awake !

ANT. Then let us both be sudden.

GON.

Now, good angels

Preserve the king.

[*They wake.*

ALON. Why, how now ? ho, awake ! Why are you
drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

GON.

What's the matter ?

SEB. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions : did 't not wake you ?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALON.

I heard nothing.

ANT. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,

Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo !

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat ;
Perchance he will not mind me.

TRIN. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing ;
I hear it sing i' the wind : yond same black cloud,
yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as
it did before, I know not where to hide my head :
yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-
fuls. What have we here ? a man or a fish ? dead or
alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very ancient
and fish-like smell ; a kind of not of the newest
Poor-John. A strange fish ! Were I in England
now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of
silver : there would this monster make a man ; any
strange beast there makes a man : when they will not
give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay
out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man !
and his fins like arms ! Warm o' my troth ! I do
now let loose my opinion ; hold it no longer : this is
no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by

a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand.

STE. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[*Sings.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,

The gunner and his mate

Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

CAL. Do not torment me: Oh!

STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not'scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

CAL. The spirit torments me ; Oh !

STE. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

CAL. Do not torment me, prithee ; I'll bring my wood home faster.

STE. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle : if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CAL. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling : now Prosper works upon thee.

STE. Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat : open your mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend : open your chaps again.

TRIN. I should know that voice : it should be— but he is drowned ; and these are devils : O defend me !

STE. Four legs and two voices : a most delicate monster ! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul

speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRIN. Stephano!

STE. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

TRIN. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

STE. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

TRIN. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

STE. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CAL. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

STE. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the

sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

CAL. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STE. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

TRIN. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STE. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRIN. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STE. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

CAL. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STE. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

CAL. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee: My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

STE. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

TRIN. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CAL. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

TRIN. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CAL. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

STE. Come on then; down, and swear.

TRIN. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

STE. Come, kiss.

TRIN. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

CAL. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

TRIN. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

CAL. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go
with me?

STE. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CAL. [*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

TRIN. A howling monster ; a drunken monster !

CAL *No more dams I'll make for fish ;*

Nor felch in firing

At requiring ;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master : get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom,
hey-day, freedom !

STE. O brave monster ! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Before PROSPERO's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

FER. There be some sports are painful, and
their labour

Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.

MIR. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile !
Pray, set it down and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;
He's safe for these three hours.

FER. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIR. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIR. It would become me
As well as it does you : and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

MIR. You look wearily.

FER. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me,

When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name ?

MIR. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so !

FER. Admired Miranda !
Indeed the top of admiration ! worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I liked several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best !

MIR. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skillless of ; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts

I therein do forget.

FER. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
I would, not so !—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak :
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

MIR. Do you love me ?

FER. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief ! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIR. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

PROS. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em !

FER. Wherefore weep you ?

MIR. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;

If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FER. My mistress, dearest ;
And I thus humble ever.

MIR. My husband, then ?

FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

MIR. And mine, with my heart in't : and now
farewell
Till half an hour hence.

FER. A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt FER. and MIR. severally.*]

PROS. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

STE. Tell not me ; when the butt is out, we will
drink water ; not a drop before : therefore bear up,
and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRIN. Servant-monster ! the folly of this island !
They say there's but five upon this isle : we are
three of them ; if th' other two be brained like us,
the state totters.

STE. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee :
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRIN. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STE. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue
in sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me ; I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty
leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be
my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no
standard.

STE. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRIN. Nor go neither ; but you'll lie like dogs
and yet say nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou
beest a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him ; he's not valiant.

TRIN. Thou liest, most ignorant monster : I am in
case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish,
thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk
so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a mon-
strous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me ! wilt thou let him,
my lord?

TRIN. 'Lord' quoth he ! That a monster should
be such a natural !

CAL. Lo, lo, again ! bite him to death, I prithee.

STE. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head :
if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree ! The poor

monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

CAL. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STE. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

CAL. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARI. Thou liest.

CAL. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

STE. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRIN. Why, I said nothing.

STE. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CAL. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dardest, But this thing dare not,—

STE. That's most certain.

CAL. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

STE. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

CAL. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARI. Thou liest; thou canst not.

CAL. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvypatch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show
him

Where the quick freshes are.

STE. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRIN. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

STE. Didst thou not say he lied?

ARI. Thou liest.

STE. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats* TRIN.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRIN. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CAL. Ha, ha, ha!

STE. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

CAL. Beat him enough: after a little time I'll beat him too.

STE. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

CAL. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him, I'th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him, Having first seized his books, or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

STE. Is it so brave a lass?

CAL. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

STE. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRIN. Excellent.

STE. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee;
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CAL. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

STE. Ay, on mine honour.

ARI. This will I tell my master.

CAL. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

STE. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em

And scout 'em and flout 'em ;

Thought is free.

CAL. That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

STE. What is this same?

TRIN. This is the tune of our catch, played by
the picture of Nobody.

STE. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy like-
ness : if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

TRIN. O, forgive me my sins !

STE. He that dies pays all debts : I defy thee.
Mercy upon us !

CAL. Art thou afeard ?

STE. No, monster, not I.

CAL. Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

CAL. When Prospero is destroyed.

STE. That shall be by and by : I remember the story.

TRIN. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

STE. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

GON. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your
I needs must rest me. [patience,

ALON. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANT. [*Aside to SEB.*] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

SEB. [*Aside to ANT.*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

ANT. [*Aside to SEB.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance

As when they are fresh.

SEB. [*Aside to ANT.*] I say, to-night: no more.
[*Solemn and strange music.*]

ALON. What harmony is this? My good friends,
hark!

GON. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.

ALON. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these?

SEB. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

ANT. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GON. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders—
For, certes, these are people of the island—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

PROS. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

ALON. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROS. [Aside] Praise in departing.

FRAN. They vanish'd strangely.

SEB. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALON. Not I.

GON. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were
boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

ALON. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

ARI. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,

That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you ; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit ; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[ALON., SEB., *etc.*, *draw their swords.*

You fools ! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate : the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume : my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me :
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you
from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the
Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and moves, and
carrying out the table.*

PROS. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring :
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*]

GON. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
In this strange stare? [*stand you*

ALON. O, it is monstrous, monstrous !
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the oose is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

SEB. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANT. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt SEB. and ANT.*]

GON. All three of them are desperate : their
great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

ADR.

Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*Before PROSPERO's cell.**Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

PROS. If I have too austere-ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thrird of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; who once again
I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

FER.

I do believe it

Against an oracle.

PROS. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition

Worthily purchased, take my daughter : but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FER.

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROS.

Fairly spoke.

Sit then and talk with her ; she is thine own.
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. What would my potent master ? here I am.

PROS. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last ser-
Did worthily perform ; and I must use you [vice
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place :
Incite them to quick motion ; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple

Some vanity of mine art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

ARI. Presently ?

PROS. Ay, with a twink.

ARI. Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'
And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master ? no ?

PROS. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

ARI. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

PROS. Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow !

FER. I warrant you, sir ;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROS. Well.
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !
No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

IRIS. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease ;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
 broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

CER. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

CER. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

IRIS. Of her society

Be not afraid : I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;
Mars's hot minion is returned again ;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.

CER. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

JUNO. How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing :*

JUNO. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.*

CER. *Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

FER. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold

To think these spirits?

PROS. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FER. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife.
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS
on employment.

PROS. Sweet, now, silence !
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring
brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons ; Juno does command :
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry :
Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

PROS. Come with a thought. I thank thee,
Ariel: come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
pleasure?

PROS.

Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARI. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

PROS. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

ARI. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gossam thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROS.

This was well done, my bird.

Thy shape invisible retain thou still:

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,

For stale to catch these thieves.

ARI.

I go, I go. [*Exit.*

PROS. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. *Enter*

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

CAL. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

STE. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played
the Jack with us.

TRIN. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss ; at
which my nose is in great indignation.

STE. So is mine. Do you hear, monster ? If I
should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

TRIN. Thou wert but a lost monster.

CAL. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore speak
All's hush'd as midnight yet. [*softly.*

TRIN. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

STE. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRIN. That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

STE. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CAL. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell : no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

STE. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRIN. O king Stephano ! O peer ! O worthy Stephano ! look what a wardrobe here is for thee !

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

TRIN. O, ho, monster ! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano !

STE. Put off that gown, Trinculo ; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRIN. Thy grace shall have it.

CAL. The dropsy drowns this fool ! what do you mean To dote thus on such luggage ? Let's alone And do the murder first : if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuff.

STE. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

TRIN. Do, do : we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

STE. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

TRIN. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CAL. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villanous low.

STE. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

TRIN. And this.

STE. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

PROS. Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARI. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

PROS. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark! [CAL., STE., and TRIN. are driven out.

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARI.

Hark, they roar!

PROS. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Before PROSPERO's cell.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

PROS. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

ARI. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PROS. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

ARI. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord,
Gonzalo;'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROS. Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROS. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury [quick,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARI. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

PROS. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault

Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt ; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar : graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

[*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL before : then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing, speaks :

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and
blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *sings and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROS. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall misst thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

ARI. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [Exit.

GON. Alltorment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here : some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !

PROS. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero :
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALON. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero
Be living and be here ?

PROS. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot

MIR. Sweet lord, you play me false.

FER. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

MIR. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
 wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

ALON. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEB. A most high miracle !

FER. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful ;
I have cursed them without cause. [Kneels.

ALON. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about !
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

MIR. O, wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't !

PROS. 'Tis new to thee.

ALON. What is this maid with whom thou wast
 at play ?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together ?

FER. Sir, she is mortal ;
But by immortal Providence she's mine :
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Received a second life ; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALON. I am hers :
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

PROS. There, sir, stop :
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

GON. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
 gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown !
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

ALON. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

GON. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

ALON. [*To FER. and MIR.*] Give me your hands :
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy !

GON. Be it so ! Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN
amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir ! here is more of us :
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

BOATS. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company ; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

ARI. [*Aside to PROS.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

PROS. [*Aside to ARI.*] My tricky spirit !

ALON. These are not natural events ; they
strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither ?

BOATS. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches ;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked ; straightway, at liberty ;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her : on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

ARI. [*Aside to PROS.*] Was't well done ?

PROS. [*Aside to ARI.*] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.

ALON. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROS. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to ARI.*]

Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fares my
gracious sir ?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.
Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO and
TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

STE. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.
Coragio, bully-monster, coragio !

TRIN. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

CAL. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed !
How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

SEB. Ha, ha !

What things are these, my lord Antonio ?

Will money buy 'em ?

ANT. Very like ; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PROS. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own ; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

SEB. He is drunk now : where had he wine ?

ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em ?

How camest thou in this pickle ?

TRIN. I have been in such a pickle since I saw
you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones :
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

SEB. Why, how now, Stephano !

STE. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but
a cramp.

PROS. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah ?

STE. I should have been a sore one then.

ALON. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*

PROS. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CAL. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool !

PROS. Go to ; away !

ALON. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

SEB. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL., STE., and TRIN.*

PROS. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away ; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALON.

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROS. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to ARI.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

*Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.*

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